

But carry up your page. — The face is living! —  
 A life more obvious in its functions, quick  
 And vital than bodied-being knows: — the eye  
 Transfixed with <sup>its</sup> mute array, discerns a change,  
 The charge of growth; her old self passes forth,  
 Still and unmarked as dying night steals out  
 Before the day: the face that erst so pained,  
 Vanishes from the eye that would recall;  
 That poor soul goes; and a new life, received  
 Down through her eyes, so insatiate in their gaze,  
 Doth quicken her. And O, with what a power!  
 What height of praise, what height of abnegation,  
 Reach of discerning thought, adoring love,  
 What power to do or bear his utmost will  
 In suffering or in service, those eyes bespeak!

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ilp101 cmc10  
Not only with our fellows is our strife  
At issue oft with circumstances, we  
Tread blindly against conditions of our life  
And cry from its sore crosses to be free.

As with our state as men, or with ourselves  
Our low desires, slow hearts, we war declare,  
We climb great heights - lose foothold, miss the chelae,  
Then fall again + cry in our despair.

But, oh, not always thus! Blest hours we know  
When <sup>toward</sup> on a sea of peace our spirits float.  
A current - unopposed. Life's onward flow,  
All faint + far off discord's jarring note.



ilp102cm10

Would any write the story of our days  
In fewest words that yet shall tell <sup>the whole</sup>  
Not peace & love the burden of his days,  
But cries and stripes & bitterness of soul.  
Some little trespass on some little right  
As join point, grade us where so e'er we turn;  
The pain we could endure, it is the slight  
The small injustice makes our anger burn.  
And shall not right be done? we injured ask,  
Nor to ourselves w'd seem our own to keep;  
The enforcement of the right, the nobler task  
Whose ample folds may cover personal spite.  
And so through daily life we fret our way  
Reacting come small due at every stage;—  
Prompt service meet honour'd they pay  
On whom for these things is bestow'd due wage.  
Courteous should strangers be, — trustful & kind  
Considerate, tender, watchful of our moods,  
Still ready with the sympathy that lends  
Its willing solacement where sorrow broods.  
Quick are our eyes to see the duties clear  
Of other men to us; & these withheld  
Righteous the stripes doth to ourselves apply  
Which would enforce what they refuse to yield.

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As when some mutual friend delights to dwell  
On traces of an absent-loved one's mind  
Till those who ne'er have seen, imagine well  
His ways, how gracious; looks & tones how kind.  
So the Blest Spirit for these wearying eyes  
Paints a true picture of our well-loved Lord,  
So living in its likeness, faith may rise  
Toward that full knowledge, his assured reward.

But if it were not so, if such best-bliss  
Sweet personal knowledge of our King & Guide  
Were joy reserved for happier state than this  
But now to our unworthiness denied.  
If, new thing among men, One's Majesty  
With wisdom, purity, entralling grace,  
That craving, all embracing charity  
Upon the sacred page had found no place;

Had we been left to grope our way to Him  
With but one ray vouchsafed the quest to aid,  
One ray from our great Lord, the rest all dim;  
The light turned heavenward, for us the shade;  
One ray had been enough, for every ray  
Doth so illuminate the perfect whole,  
Such unity & fitness here, on trail  
Reveals <sup>the path</sup> unmarked to the ~~adorned~~ Lord.



# My Lady's Hand.

Let other lovers tell of lips,  
Or eye-lids on yon rising  
Beaming eyes that gleam as stars,  
My Lady's hand will I sing!

So fair a hand, so white a hand,  
Yet scarce in that its beauty,  
So clear a hand, so deft a hand  
For all my Lady's duty!

Could it once do an awkwardness,  
I know 'twould fall to blushing;  
Nethinks I see the dainty palm  
Round finger-tips all flushing.

A busy hand my Lady owns,  
Bravely she sews & hammers;  
Thinks it half pity not to live  
By her own doughty labours!

What pity, say you, this to spoil  
A face too swift to perish! -  
I fear she knows its character & knows  
How little need to cherish.



And so methinks her mood it is  
 Mind, this is but a whisper  
 To do with those dear dainty hands  
 What other daemons can't venture!

And this because to soul, not skin,  
 Her hand owes such soft-fairness:  
 The dons would call it-psychical  
 And much bepraise its rareness.

Most-beauteous form of all, say they,  
 This hand so soft and tender  
 With the fair, smooth, unparrow'd palm  
 The fingers fine and slender,

And those so dainty finger tips  
 Long, taper, softly rounded:  
 Ah, such rare hands, they say, must e'er  
 To minds as rare be bounded.

The dons would call it-psychical  
 This hand so soft and tender,  
 With the fair, smooth, unparrow'd palm,  
 The fingers fine and slender,  
 And finger tips right delicate  
 Long, taper, softly rounded:—



11p108cm10  
Ah, such rare hands, they say, must be  
To minds as rare, be bounded.

Of feeling, pure and grand they tell  
Will simple, much, unpelted  
And knowledge clear, to read off life  
As from a page of fair letters.

O worthy Dns, O wisest Dns,  
Say, have ye known my Lady?  
Yea, surely, at no other shrine  
This <sup>prayer, all</sup> her due ~~tribute~~, paid ye!

But know ye all the soothing power  
That lodges in her fingers  
How her least touch, a whole embrace  
A peace, on sore heart-lingers?

And know ye, as the babes know well,  
The pretful crys subsiding  
Under her touch? or yet the wealth  
Of music there abiding?

My Lady's hand! my Lady's hand!  
I kiss with worship, loyal.  
In spirit only - in the act  
Full vigorous its withdrawal!



Worthy of later days, Rebecca, thou!  
 Of mind, thou dost anticipate the march,  
 And proest full of true <sup>pattern</sup> mother of the Church!  
 With acquiescent spirit dost thou bow,  
 And climbing to an equal height; allow  
 That Wisdom wise, whose depths thou seem'st to search,  
 Nay, thou wouldst <sup>in</sup> ~~even~~ thyself <sup>dispose</sup> sustain the march  
 Of God's high Providence; ~~and~~ wouldst avoid,  
 Arranging Circumstance with subtle skill  
 As tho' the end discerned, the means there's  
 Were such alone as met Thy narrow view,  
 Thy one desire His counsel to fulfil.  
 Not thus His will is done: they serve Him best  
 Who on His motions wait, <sup>and</sup> in His work <sup>their</sup> rest.

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"p108 cmc10"

Merciful wind, sing me a hoarse rough song,  
For there is other music made to-night  
That I would fain not hear. Wake, thou still sea,  
Heavily plunge. Shoot on, white waterfall.  
Oh, I could long like thy cold icicles  
Freeze, freeze, and hang upon thy frosty cliff  
And not complain, so I might melt at last  
In the warm Summer sun, as thou wilt do!

"But woe is me! I think there is no sun;  
My sun is sunken, and the night grows dark:  
None care for me. The children cry for bread,  
And I have none, and nought can comfort me;  
Even if the heavens were free to such as I,  
It were not much, for death is long to wait,  
And Heaven is far to go!"

And speakest thou thus,  
Despairing of the sun that sets to thee,  
And of the earthly love that warms to thee,  
And of the heaven that lieth far from thee?  
Peace, peace, fond fool! One draweth near thy door,  
Whose footsteps leave no print across the snow:  
Thy sun has risen with comfort in his face,  
The smile of heaven, to warm thy frozen heart  
And bless with saintly hand. What! is it long  
To wait and far to go? Thou shalt not go;  
Behold, across the snow to thee He comes;  
Thy Heaven descends, and is it long to wait?  
Thou shalt not wait: "This night, this night," He saith,  
"I stand at the door, and knock."



And though these earthly shadows dark & dim,  
 Veil from our sight His Blessed Presence now,  
 Yet faith exulting lifts her eyes to Him,  
 And sees the thorn-crowned brow!

Waves from the ocean of His mighty love  
 Break in rejoicing on the expectant shore,  
 Whispering sweet voices of the Land above,  
 Where storms shall be no more.

Glad then, and sacred to all lowly hearts,  
 The Table spread by the dear Hands of Christ  
 Where He His gifts of blessing still imparts,  
 In Holy Eucharist!

Telling of Calvary and its bitter Cross,  
 The nails, the thorns, and the spear-wounded side,  
 Bidding us count all earthly things but loss  
 For love of Him who died.

Pointing us onward to the Day of Light,  
 When, mid the glories of His home divine,  
 Christ and His Church, in robes of purest white,  
 Shall drink His own new Wine.

Rev. W. H. Baynes.



11 p110 cmc10

## A Psalm for New Year's Eve.

O New Year, teach us faith!  
The road of life is hard; unscathed  
When our feet bleed, & scourging winds  
Point thou to Him, whose visage was more marred  
Than any man's; Who saith,  
"Make straight paths for your feet," & to the oppressed,  
"Come unto Me, & I will give you rest."

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Yet hang some lamp-like hope  
Above this unknown way.  
O New Year, to give our spirits freer scope  
And our hands strength to work while it is day.  
But if that way must slope  
Gombward - O bring before our fading eyes  
The Lamp of Life! - the hope that never dies.

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Comfort our souls with love -  
Love of all human-kind!  
Love, special, close - in which, like sheltered dove,  
Each weary heart its own soft nest may find.  
And love that turns above  
Adoringly; contented to resign  
All love if need be, for the love Divine.



Sayst: 'love is sweet' young heart  
 'A natural law, and light'?  
 Thou knowst not love: thy poorer part  
 In sensible delight -  
 Affection stirs in nerves and blood -  
 Now fervent - fond; averted, now and rude.

Holy is love; hedged round  
 With 'Thou shalt not' <sup>but</sup> now hear  
 What disabilities do bound  
 True love, lest it appear  
 Condemned in that thou dost allow  
 Thou, willing what love ought, discernest not how.

In word shalt thou not love:  
 Ah me, all dulcet-dreams  
 And tender morning visions! when to prove  
 Truly the good thou seems  
 Thy love lifts gates, that shut him in  
 From matchless empire, <sup>sweet</sup> love's award to win!



'Plamist' - 'hard the measure  
 Ungenial is the law  
 That would bar life's tenderest pleasure!  
 Nay, didst thou never draw  
 On dream of service to reprove  
 Return too measured for a lawless love?

No shall thy facile tongue  
 Love's sacred substance spend  
 On the sweet-tale too frequent sung -  
 Thou question'st - 'to what end?'

Alas, young heart, thou seest the eyes  
 So blind, thou missest the place of sacrifice!  
 And thou, mayst pass some mile of

Wouldst thou know the worth and need  
 Of love, thou chav'st to speak!

Appraise alone by dutious deed  
 As by refraining, meet -

Get, question still - dost lay out love  
 With merchant hope return in kind to prove

Nay, but love thou in truth -

And not for any hope  
 But fervently, in simple faith:  
 Canst find for thee no hope

Still has he love's divinest part  
 Who truly bears another in his heart?

J. P. ...  
 I have ...  
 When our ...  
 Print thou ...  
 I have ...  
 "Make straight ...  
 "Come with ...  
 Get ...  
 About ...  
 Kind Year ...  
 And our ...  
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 The Lamp ...  
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 Love ...  
 Each ...  
 Adoringly ...  
 All love ...